# Glastonbury!

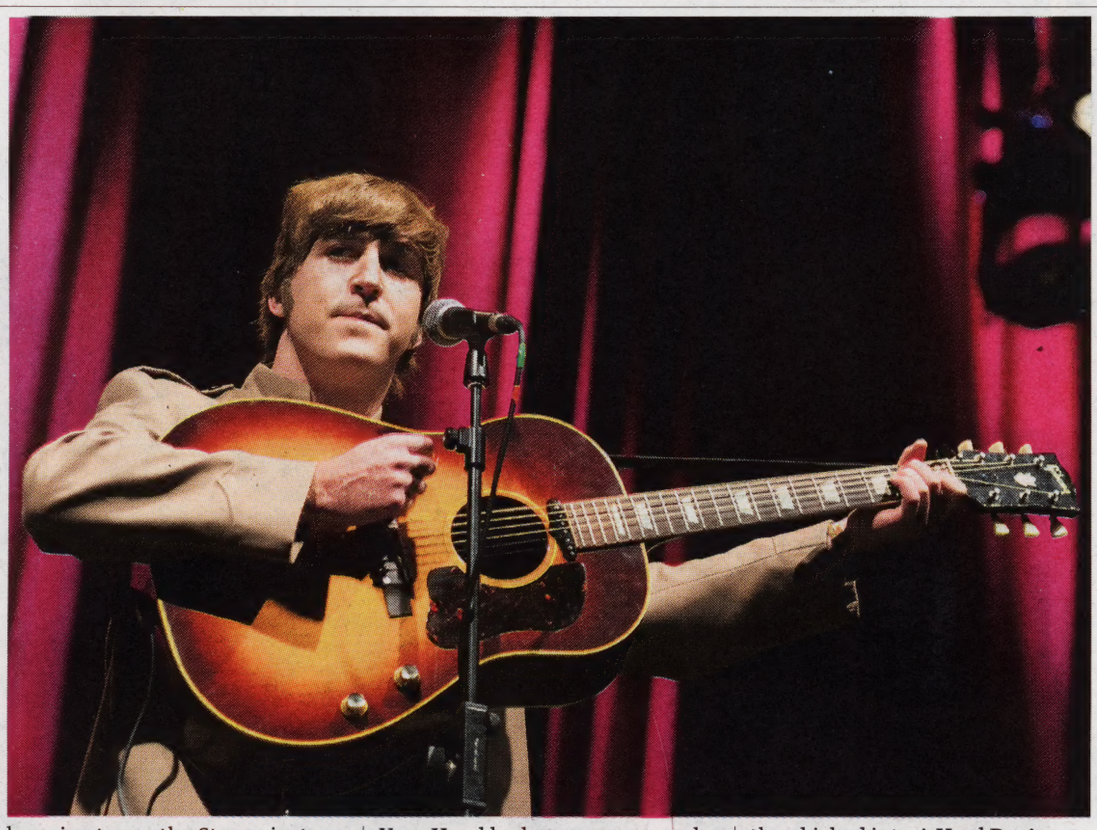
**The Stones, Chic and Dizzee Rascal**
Alexis Petridis's verdict

**How was it for you?**
Nile Rodgers ★ Laura Mvula ★ Liam Gallagher ★ Brian Cox ★ Matt Smith ★ John Humphrys

**'I learned to wee standing up'**
Festival first-timer Suzanne Moore

Music

# Move over, Mick and co, it's the Bootleg Beatles



On a night when the Rolling Stones headlined the Pyramid stage and pulled one of the biggest crowds Glastonbury has ever seen, a little under 1,000 people gathered in a tent at the far edge of the festival site to see the Bootleg Beatles in preference to their real-life counterparts' 60s rivals.

Some were lifelong Beatle-maniacs, some die-hard Jagger-haters and others just there to escape the crowds. "What's all the fuss about the Stones, really?" asked 47-year-old fan John before the show. "There are about six decent Stones songs and everyone pretends there are about 500."

The crowd were rewarded for their loyalty to the Fab Four with the most hit-heavy set of the weekend - and plenty of space to dance. Which they duly did.

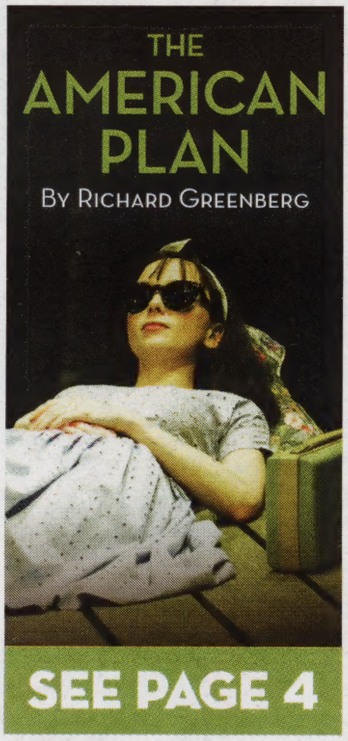
"I've seen the Bootleg Beatles three times before," said 25-year-old Stacey, there with a friend. "We just decided that, although we do like the Stones, we prefer the music of the Beatles. We'd be going to see the Stones just because it's them and not because, actually, we'd enjoy them more as artists."

"All of my friends have gone to see the Stones," admitted 40-year-old Simon, "and I love the Stones, but whenever I've been to Glastonbury - this is my ninth time - my best experiences have always been in smaller tents. The Stones will be epic, but it'll be like watching them on telly. This will be fun, and I'll dance, and I'll know all the words and I'll just have a good time."

It's hard to imagine that he didn't. A faithful opening salvo of I Saw Her Standing There, She Loves You and I Wanna Hold Your Hand had everyone up and bopping, from teens in caps and high-tops waving iPhones to veterans old enough to have seen the real deal. In the quieter moments, you could hear Jagger et al half a mile away, but few wandered off. By the time the tribute band launched into Help!, six hits in, the crowd had doubled in size.

"They've got more people, but we've aged better," quipped Bootleg Lennon as they kicked into A Hard Day's Night. And when make-believe Macca took to the stage alone to lead the audience through Yesterday, he told them: "You've got to be a bit louder cos we've got to drown out the Stones!" When the band returned in full Sgt Pepper regalia, the crowd roared and rose to the occasion, a small but cheery gang of rebels, forgoing Gimme Shelter for Helter Skelter and, yes, getting satisfaction.

**Tom Meltzer**



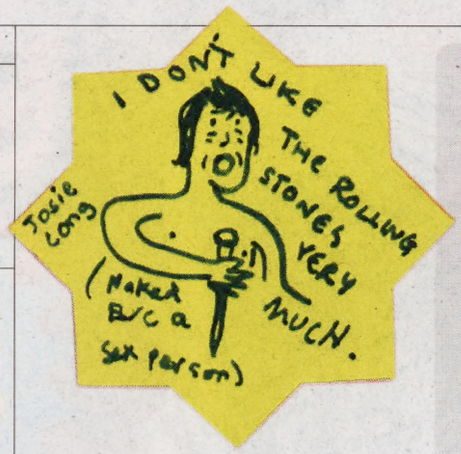


SEE PAGE 4

Portraiture

# Paint it black: celebrities draw the Stones

A pouting rocker in his prime or the foppish prune he became? How do you think of Mick Jagger now? We asked some famous Glastonbury faces to draw us a Rolling Stone. They did their best, all right?




Josie Long, standup comedian

Simon Lowe, Game of Thrones actor

Parenting

# A Glastonbury first: the baby crowd-surfer

I guess if you choose to go to a place called the Rabbit-Hole in order to watch Michael Eavis do a version of Suspicious Minds backed by a group called the Vodka Jellies Karaoke Band, then you have got to expect the unexpected.

Even so, the sight of the first ever baby crowd-surfer was certainly one of Glastonbury's more surreal moments - and that's coming from a writer who this year watched a gig alongside a 70-year-old rocker sporting a fluorescent green moustache.

The baby in question did at least surf with the protection of a baby buggy, hoisted up, I originally assumed, by parents desperate to immerse their sprog in the most bruising of gig rituals.

"Stop!" screamed the lady next to me when the baby first emerged. "I'm sorry, but this is just not right!" shouted another. But still the baby marched on, the buggy passed from audience member to audience member. People continued tutting but at least the baby seemed to be in tune with the spirit of the festival: like most Glastonbury-goers, he was unable to form complete sentences and could not handle solid food.

Then, as the baby approached the stage, the crowd surfing mission became clear. "Oh, that's his dad on stage!" said one local, as if now it suddenly all made sense. This was no longer an irresponsible act of child cruelty but simply one baby's mission to crowd surf towards his musician father, one of the members of the band. What could be more commonplace?

Of course, what you really want to know is: did the baby return for a stage dive? Sadly, your correspondent failed to report on this. After hearing Eavis's dulcet tones ringing out, he was forced to flee within 60 seconds, his dedication to the rock'n'roll cause now officially less than that of a little boy still in nappies.

**Tim Jonze**

COVER **JIM DYSON/GETTY IMAGES** PHOTOGRAPHS **CHRISTIAN SINIBALDI FOR THE GUARDIAN; KATHERINE ROSE**

Surreal moment: the baby boy is passed aloft through the crowd towards the stage

**THE QUESTION**

Why does Glastonbury need feminism? It was the question put to dozens of festival-goers as Kat Banyard, director of UK Feminista, and her team took to the fields for a spot of grassroots activism. To see all the pictures go to **Facebook.com/whoneedsfeminismuk**

# The hotlist

## This year's Glastonbury highs - and lows

**Not in Kansas ...**
To the folks dressed as Dorothy, the tin man, scarecrow, lion and the yellow brick road, we salute you. That took heart, brains and courage.

**Having a ball**
Wayne Rooney wandered around with neon facepaint and a runners' Camelbak hydration backpack. Man of the match.

**Facto-bury Girl**
The Stones updated Factory Girl, singing: "Waiting for a girl by my tipi." But they left out waiting for her by the loos for, like, an hour!

**Secret bars**
Riddles on the door at the Rabbit Hole, table wrestling at the Piano Bar and having to prove your innocence to the angels at Arcadia's heaven. Exclusion has never been so fun.

**Flame wars**
There were way too many flares of the fire-into-the-sky kind. What next, guys - rockets? Mortars? Drones? It's a festival, not Vietnam.

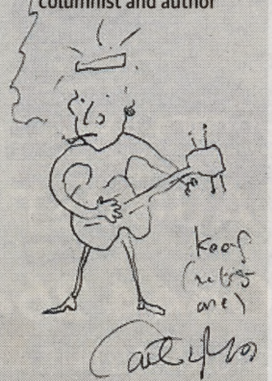
**Ugly rumours**
Daft Punk are playing in my field! Edward Snowden's in the Stone Circle! David Bowie's here! And he can fly! Lies, all lies.

**MS MR, meet HRH**
The dream pop duo got the royal kiss of death - being watched from backstage by Prince Harry. Rookie error, security guys. Keep him out at all costs.

**Baked beanies**
Girls keen to copy Cara kept their woollen beanies on in the blazing sunshine. Their forehead sweat is on your hands, Delevingne. Gross.

John Humphrys, broadcaster

Caitlin Moran, columnist and author



Professor Green, rapper

# OPENS TOMORROW

## DIANA QUICK

LUKE ALLEN-GALE DONA CROLL MARK EDEL-HUNT EMILY TAAFFE

# THE AMERICAN PLAN

BY RICHARD GREENBERG

★★★★★

**'AN ABSOLUTE CRACKER ...PERFECTLY CAST'**

MICHAEL BILLINGTON *THE GUARDIAN*

★★★★★

**'A SUPERLATIVELY ACTED PRODUCTION'**

PAUL TAYLOR *THE INDEPENDENT*

DIRECTED BY DAVID GRINDLEY

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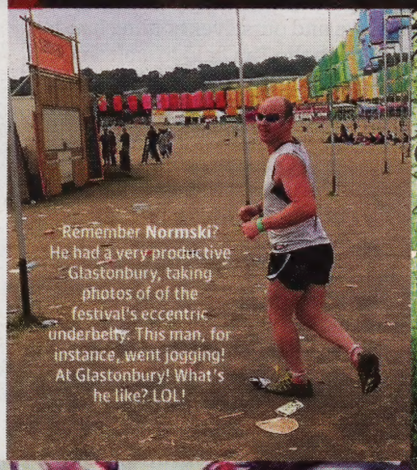
Let's not forget the true meaning of Glastonbury – overdressed people from TV shows you don't watch (eg **Millie Mackintosh from Made in Chelsea**) larking around and treating the whole thing like a jumped-up photo opportunity

Glastonbury is such a special occasion that it even prompted noted wallflower **Cara Delevingne** to come out of her shell and draw attention to herself in a slightly obnoxious way for once

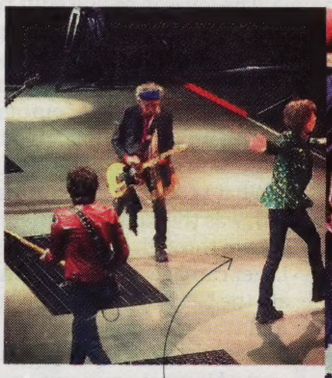
# Pleased to meet you ...

Once, we couldn't hear everyone's Glastonbury stories until long after the festival was over. But Instagram has changed all that – now festivalgoers can bombard us with self-satisfied photos around the clock. Even celebrities got in on the act. Here's **Stuart Heritage**'s pick of the bunch from the weekend



Remember **Normski**? He had a very productive Glastonbury, taking photos of of the festival's eccentric underbelly. This man, for instance, went jogging! At Glastonbury! What's he like? LOL!

**Pixie Geldof** has found a big conker made of twigs. It might have something to do with River Island, and she looks quite pleased



Tens of thousands of people saw the Rolling Stones play. But how many people saw them from an angle that made them look like distressing Soviet-era east European marionette puppets? Only **Stella McCartney**

Approximately 98% of all celebrity Glastonbury Instagrams feature **Rita Ora**. This is the only one where she looks as if she's being knocked over backwards by a fart

A photo that **Hudson Taylor** took immediately after asking their audience if anyone wanted their money back

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS **INSTAGRAM**

# 'I saw the Stones. In the 60s'

Until this year, festival grump **Suzanne Moore** had been content to watch from her sofa and leave the 'regimented fun' of Glastonbury to her children. Could she be converted?

"Hello Glastonbury, I can't believe I am here," exclaim various over-excited stars from stages somewhere in the distance. Hello Glastonbury, I can't bloody believe I am here either, I want to shout back. Let's face it, if you get to my age and haven't been, it's probably because you didn't want to. And we all know the narrative by now, don't we? Cynical old person is sent to festival, wanders around and, inspired by half a cider, loons on stilts and a delusional attempt to have "an experience", they have some kind of epiphany.

Fear not. I spent too many years packing my kids off to Glastonbury with tubes of Nutella, without asking too much about what they do, and watching it on telly eating Pringles to know I wasn't cut out for this.

After being penned up for ages at Paddington station, we got on the train. My plus one, though fully female, has for some reason been put down as Dave. Despite the occasional lesbian overture after the odd cooking sherry, Dave, I think, will be ideal. She is up for most things. Also we are glamping. Our beds will be "cosy not intimate". Which can only be good.

We drink a bottle of vodka on the train, Dave seeming to have no idea of where to get off. She thought I might. But we manage somehow. A lovely woman meets us, gives us fags in the cab and says she'll happily answer to the name of Dave too. We stagger into the yurt, which is not on the festival site, with even less clue as to where we are.

My hangover is immense. We get into a buggy and then walk through mud to the site to collect wristbands. Dave says she feels the vibe. The vibe lasts all of 10 minutes. It's raining. The toilets already smell. It looks like a cross between a favela and a funfair. We get to hospitality, which is where the journalists hang out, where the backstage stuff happens, where the propaganda about how great it all is is churned out.

Yes, I have already decided this is simply horrible. We spot a supermodel and see hopeful girls in shorts and I think I must try to find some redeeming factors. So we spend the next seven hours in the rain attempting to do this.

Mostly we are lost. One guy with dilated pupils tells us to stand still and just enjoy the view. We do so shivering. There was some sort of plan to find Tibetan monks, Shangri-La, the Rabbit Hole, the Underground Piano place. It turns out that everything secret is not secret. You just have to queue like any theme park.

But we find ourselves holding hands in a circle in the Tipi field to welcome and bless the festival. It reminds me of the Albion Fayres I went to when young with elemental harmonisers doing their magick, and I am prone to a bit of paganism. It's just a shame that it's always outside. Dave likes the tipis as they have fires inside them while our yurt doesn't. Don't be ridiculous, I tell her, though I will later complain there are not enough convection heaters.

While the elemental blessing lifts my Scrooge-like mood, I realise I am just not good at regimented "fun". It's all supposed to be wild, but rather like Christmas there is a pressure to enjoy it - however you actually feel. People have saved all year to come here. My youngest texts me to tell me that I am "an ungrateful poo" and I can see why.

But over the years I have seen who comes here: suits, gap-yahs, half of Notting Hill. There are other people too. Lots of northerners, lads, gangs of teenagers. No one could resent them having a good time - but the idea that this is for me? The best gigs I have seen this year have been Beyoncé and Pere Ubu. No one can say I don't like a show, but I like to go home after. No amount of people cleverly dressed in ballgowns, doing unexpected things with flames and facepaint will change this.

We chat to a lovely woman in the Samaritans tent. They deal with comedowns. And worse. People come to Glastonbury to escape their depression and loneliness and end up feeling even worse.

I am not suicidal, merely soaked to my underwear. As we try to warm up in our relative luxury I feel for those in tiny tents. We don't sleep. Dave says at one point that what we can hear is not rain "just stuff falling from trees". I realise Dave is also losing her mind.

We resolve to make more effort and the weather improves a bit. This is key. More people have arrived with flower garlands, their class status designated by brand of wellies. Middle-aged couples sit staring into the middle distance. Serious campers make Pot Noodles. Some casualties are collapsed in the mud.

The band Haim come on at midday. Long-haired LA girls with the estimable Este and her bassface. They are perfectly OK but unless you are right at the front of the Pyramid stage, you just watch them on the screens.

It is all too reminiscent of party political conferences or US political rallies staged for TV. Not for the people there. What you see from your sofa will mostly be more than you can actually see here. What you miss is the mystical atmosphere the crowd enfolds you in, which, if cold, is a kind of mass relief. If in a dance tent it's pretty drug-fuelled and borderline aggressive in places.

For the big turns, audiences are bound to be fairly uncritical. They have spent a lot of money and the sheer size of the festival means you will always feel you are missing something better - Chic v Arctic Monkeys, for example. The joy is in seeing stuff you didn't know about - *if* you can see it. Solange on the Park stage for instance. We tried, but couldn't see a thing and we were mainly there for her outfits. You soon give up on any timetable or discrimination.

What I couldn't get to grips with was the rubbish. Cans are strewn through every field. Lager carnage. Meanwhile there are the banners for Greenpeace and WaterAid everywhere. I imagine the average Ayia Napa crowd is more environmentally aware. Billy Bragg will make some valiant attempt to talk about politics on the Leftfield stage. Tony Benn is there. Portishead will flash up a picture of Cameron. Otherwise damp hedonism prevails. In various bars.

**THE YURT**

Thanks to Yurtel for Suzanne's accommodation. For booking details, visit yurtel.co.uk or call 01225 290120.

Small groups sit around bonfires and look content enough. Many people seem to spend a lot of time kind of wandering. Arcadia just takes me back to the good old Mutoid Waste bashes that used to happen all over London.

Maybe this is necessary time out from austerity Britain, but it's strange as helicopters constantly hover over bringing in rich guests (and performers) just for the night.

Having finally sussed it's all for TV, Dave insists we get one in our yurt. They kindly oblige. I watch all-round entertainer Dizzee Rascal booming out Bonkers while she sleeps through it. I bump into my friends' kid. He is in plimsolls. "You need wellies," I tell him. "Do they have them in size 12?" he asks as though I were at a branch of Millets. In the distance we can hear Alex Turner's voice. Something identifiably great.

I chat to some women who come every year. Old schoolfriends. They come to get away from responsibilities and pretend to be 17 again. Neither Dave nor I seem able to keep up this pretence. We are mostly cold. "What about the Stones?" people keep saying. "You have to see them." I did. In the 60s. I was a child. They were scary. That was one of the advantages of having a gay "uncle" - he took me to gigs. Heritage rock is not my thing but the Stones appear to be on what people keep referring to as their "bucket lists".

I suppose I did do something that was on mine. I learned to wee standing up. Via a cardboard funnel thing called a She Pee. There are female urinals at Glastonbury as part of a WaterAid project to avoid flushing. It was a bit of struggle at first but I managed.

A friend had said I could recreate the experience of Glastonbury by putting on my garden hose, rolling in mud and listening to bad music. Almost right. He didn't factor in the sheer endurance it takes. Which is maybe why it's great for teenagers. Or maybe it would be great if it were somewhere hot. Or I was a different person altogether.

**Suzanne Moore ... definitely not feeling the vibes**

**Rather like Christmas, there is a pressure to enjoy it - however you feel**

But I see I am not the only grump: rapper and producer Wiley arrived in the rain and immediately wanted out. He was tweeting something to the effect of "fuck you and your farm" to Michael Eavis and his management. He prefers Hackney Downs and so do I.

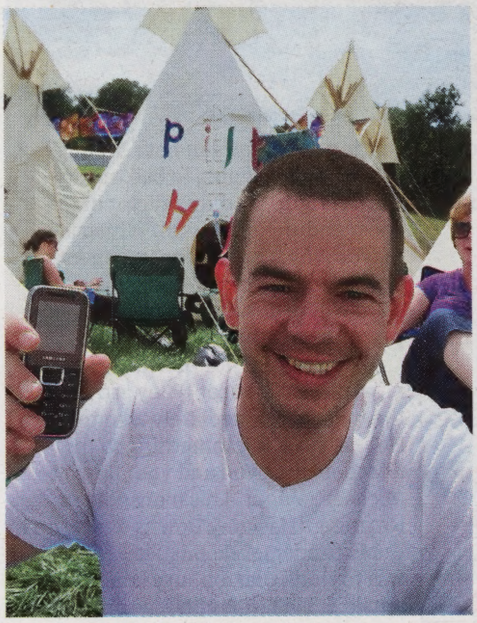
My fundamental mistake, I feel, was to think Glastonbury is about music. It isn't. It is about a communal experience, a tent city in which one must make maximum effort to enjoy oneself. Hedonism has never felt like so much hard work. Dave and I need a holiday. Coachella?

*

# Gimme shelter

From solar-powered showers to plastic sledges, festivalgoers reveal their most important accessories to **Richard Vine**

**Clarissa Pinter, Cressida Jamieson, Sam Talbot, Steph Robinson, London**
"Chadders's Glastonbury checklist! It's an Excel spreadsheet our friend has been putting together for the last 10 years. It's up to around 70 items - everything from an Ikea shoe rack to put your clothes in, wire cutters, insoles, bin bags, thin layers, multifunctional hats. The irony is that this year he forgot to bring his wellies."



**Michael Bradley, from Sydney, Australia**
"We bought these £10 phones to keep in touch with all our friends all over the site. We charged this one on Monday, it's still got four bars on Friday! They don't ever run out!"

**Laura Baker, from Warrington, Cheshire**
"Dry shampoo - it comes in a spray can and degreases your hair."

**Benjamin Weatherall**
"A Virgin Atlantic 'feel good kit' - eye mask, ear plugs, toothbrush."

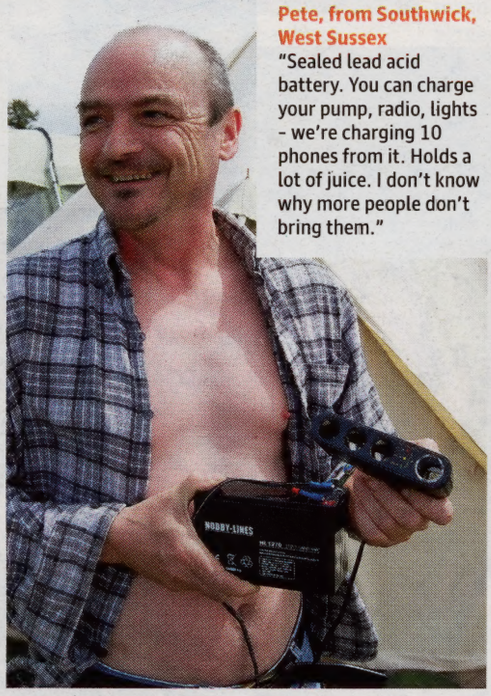
PHOTOGRAPHS **CHRISTOPHER THOMOND FOR THE GUARDIAN**

**On the web**
**Watch the 10 best performances of the festival and read our review of closing act Mumford & Sons**
guardian.co.uk/glastonbury

**Joel Pellington, from Manchester**
"I washed my hair with this solar shower this morning. You fill it up at night, it warms up the water in the morning."

**Miranda Myles and Natalie Latham, from Blackburn, Lancashire**
"A plastic sledge - good for carrying everything here, and storing stuff in the tent."

**Clare Pope, from Bournemouth, Dorset**
"A spare tent - to wee in."



**Pete, from Southwick, West Sussex**
"Sealed lead acid battery. You can charge your pump, radio, lights - we're charging 10 phones from it. Holds a lot of juice. I don't know why more people don't bring them."

**Rob Corbett, Amy Bruce and Sophie Green, from Bournemouth, Dorset**
"A water dispenser - filters the water. It's great. Does taste a bit rubbery."

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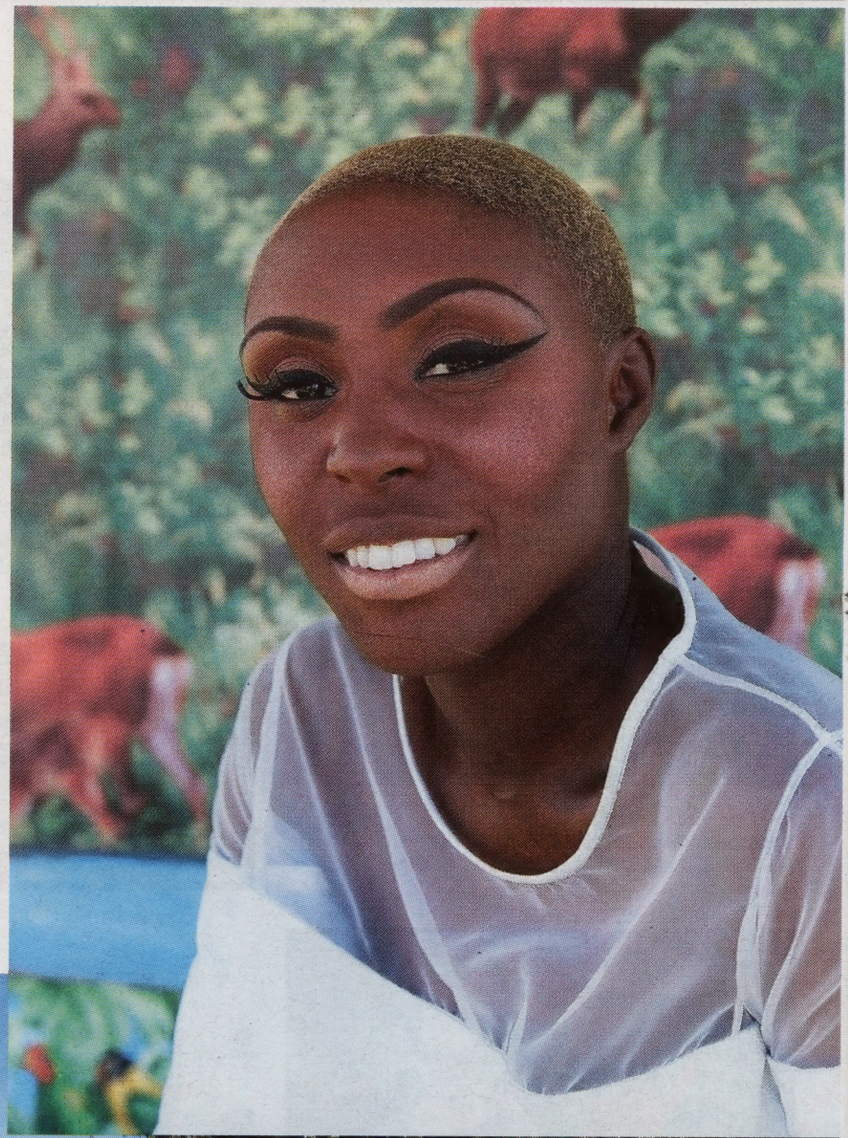
# ‘My bus smells of wee!’

Laura Mvula isn’t impressed with her accommodation, Liam Gallagher’s not bothered by the mud and Brian Cox is mostly concerned with the size of the universe. How did performers and celebrities enjoy the festival?



**Matt Smith**

**You’re here to share the stage with Brian Cox at the Free University of Glastonbury ...**

I’m going to be outwitted and outclassed by Brian, as always. The first time I met him was on the Jonathan Ross show, and he was so nice to me - I was nervous because it was the first chatshow I’d done. Every time I see him we say hello - we have quite a nice spacey-timey connection.

**Brian Cox**

**How’s Glastonbury treating you?**

Sort of busy. We did the Infinite Monkey Cage radio show - 4,000 people in a tent talking about quantum cosmology. Everyone was quiet, I don’t know whether that was because they were asleep or because we were talking about a time when the universe was a million million million million times smaller than a melon!

**Laura Mvula**

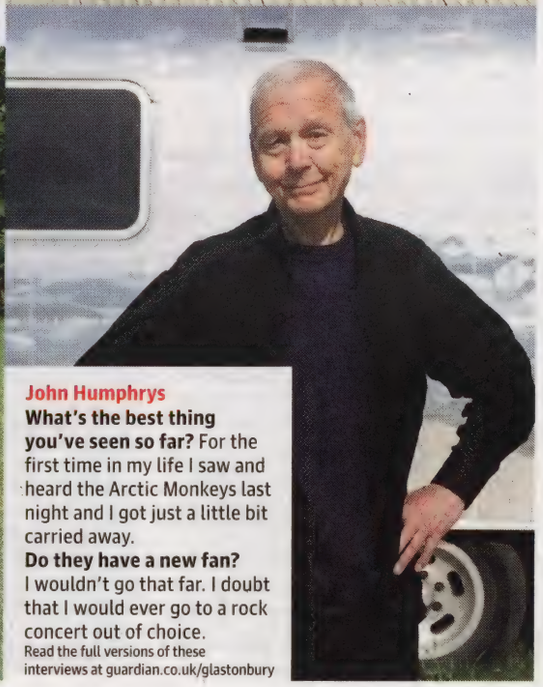
**What's the weirdest thing you've seen?** Probably my own bus! Honestly, be better organised, guys! It's from the 80s and it smells of vomit and wee. I mean, I am thankful to have a bus but we parked up next to the Rolling Stones crew and I could see them all sniggering and laughing at us.

**Liam Gallagher**

**Hi Liam, it's muddy and you're wearing suede shoes!** Oh yeah. Well, I'm a big Suede fan. Am I worried about the mud ruining them? Nope, because I've got fucking loads of pairs and I can just get a new pair. I'll put in a big dry cleaning bill for this.

**Nile Rodgers**

**Prince performing at Glastonbury is an annual rumour. How can we convince him to play?** Prince has never played Glastonbury? Wow, I can probably get Prince to play. I'll just call him up.



**John Humphrys**

**What's the best thing you've seen so far?** For the first time in my life I saw and heard the Arctic Monkeys last night and I got just a little bit carried away.

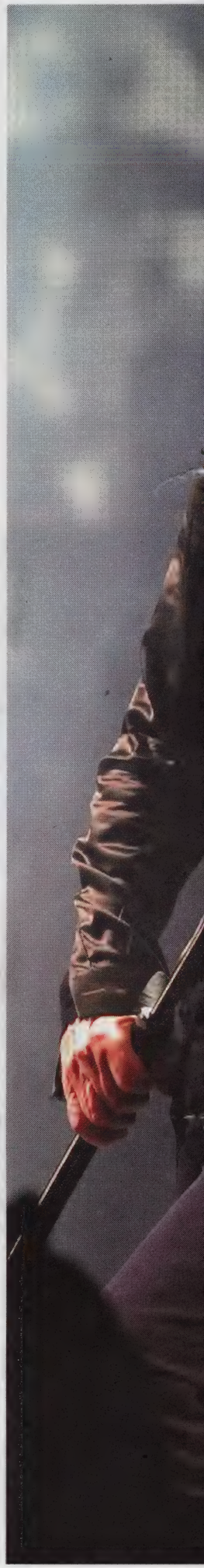
**Do they have a new fan?** I wouldn't go that far. I doubt that I would ever go to a rock concert out of choice.

Read the full versions of these interviews at guardian.co.uk/glastonbury

PHOTOGRAPHS **ALICIA CANTER AND CHRISTIAN SINIBALDI FOR THE GUARDIAN**
INTERVIEWS **RICHARD VINE; MALIK MEER; KIERAN YATES; TIM JONZE; TOM MELTZER**

# Rough and ready

There were plenty of stand-out moments at Glastonbury this year, but the festival was dominated by one act. And, says **Alexis Petridis**, in contrast to many of the big names that have headlined previously, what impresses most is the Rolling Stones' ramshackle, raw energy



In the pre-internet age, the Glastonbury festival was famously a hive of bizarre rumours about what was going on in the outside world. For a period in the early 90s, a story seemed to be passed around every year that Cliff Richard had died, while in 1995, the news that John Redwood was launching a leadership challenge to then-prime minister John Major somehow got mangled into a report that the entire Tory government had resigned en masse.

The rise of the web and the smartphone was supposed to have done for that kind of thing, but this year the spirit of the unlikely Glastonbury rumour seems to be abroad once again, although this time the stories are concerned not with the sad demise of the tennis-loving Peter Pan of Pop, but with a plethora of secret guest appearances. Lady Gaga is supposed to be turning up. Almost nowhere in the festival is safe from an imminent guerilla gig by Daft Punk. And David Bowie, we are earnestly informed, is going to appear on stage with the Rolling Stones, giving rise to the flatly horrifying thought that he and Mick Jagger might favour us with their cover version of Dancing in the Street.

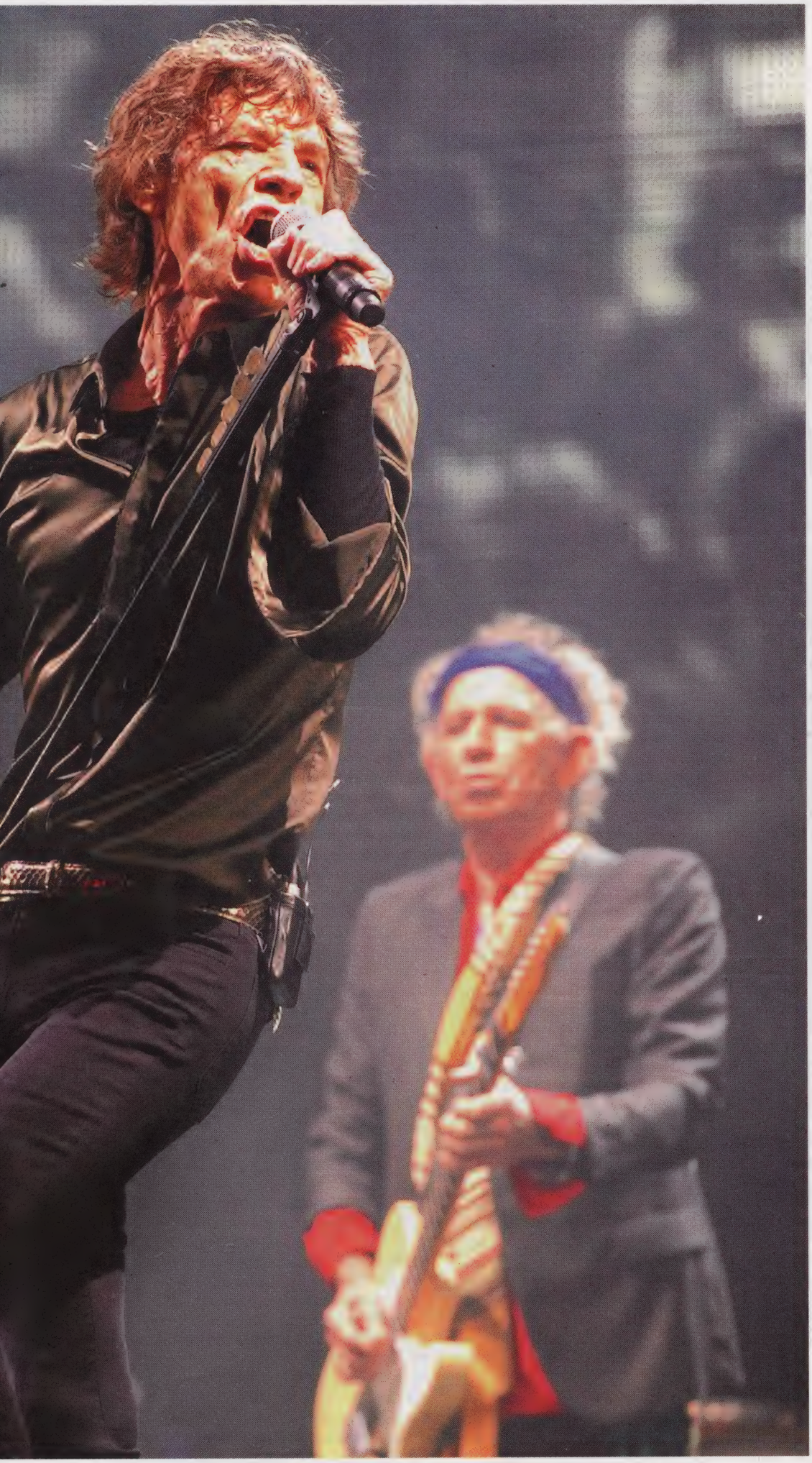
None of them are true: in reality, the secret guest appearance comes from Liam Gallagher's **Beady Eye**, who take to the Pyramid stage at an improbably early hour on Friday. "Tonight I'm a rock'n'roll star," says Gallagher, "at 11.30 in the fucking morning."

Still, even without them, there's enough variety on offer. If you find **Alt-J's** performance on the Other stage a little bookish and opaque for a festival crowd - they perform an unrecognisable cover of Kylie Minogue's Slow, decorated with the keyboard riff from Dr Dre's Still Dre - then the Pyramid stage appearance by **Dizzee Rascal** provides a striking counterpoint: certainly no one in their right mind is going to protest at the opacity of his approach to live performance. "This one's dedicated to all the ladies with fat arses!" he bellows, by way of introduction to a new song, apparently called Arse Like That. When he plays his debut single, I Luv You, it's hard not to be struck by the contrast between his early material - which still sounds challenging and avant-garde a decade on - and the Day-Glo Club 18-30 pop-house that he now deals in and to conclude that something has been lost along the way. But it's equally hard not be perversely charmed by his crowd-pleasing shamelessness.

**The Rolling Stones sound like a real band, rather than bored multimillionaires**

Friday night's headliners offer an equally arresting study in contrasts. Complete with an improbable but nonetheless lovely orchestrated version of Mardy Bum, the **Arctic Monkeys'** performance eradicates memories of their previous attempt at topping the Glastonbury bill in 2007, which fell surprisingly flat, not least because their insouciance looked troublingly like indifference. Those who opt to see **Portishead**, meanwhile, come back looking slightly shell-shocked by the harrowing intensity of Beth Gibbons's performance and the fact that the accompanying visuals climax in a giant image of David Cameron's face with red lasers shooting out of his eyes.

Noticeably more conducive to a party atmosphere are **Chic**, whose irresistible set is almost comically stuffed with hits: hits by Chic; hits that Chic's mastermind, Nile Rodgers, wrote for Sister Sledge, David Bowie, Madonna and INXS; and cover versions of hits that sampled Chic, including the Sugarhill Gang's Rapper's Delight. All this is rapturously received: even Rodgers seems slightly taken aback. He invites the audience on stage to dance during the closing Good Times. When their set ends, the PA plays Daft Punk's Get Lucky: Rodgers stands alone, watching the crowd sing it back to him. The famously loquacious songwriter looks momentarily dumbstruck.



**Midnight ramblers: Mick Jagger and Keith Richards**

Indeed, one of Glastonbury's unique pleasures is seeing artists authentically moved by the audience's reaction: for some reason, perhaps one of scale, it seems to have an impact above and beyond a normal gig. The bass player from **Haim** calls their Friday-afternoon performance "the greatest moment of my life" and demands someone come on stage and take a photograph of her with the cheering audience behind her. **Jagwar Ma**, whose sparkling take on early 90s Balearic pop unexpectedly packs out the John Peel Stage at Saturday lunchtime, announce "this means everything". **Disclosure**, whose set not only fills the Sonic tent, but brings the entire area around it to a complete standstill, look close to tears. **Foals** frontman Yannis Philippakis is so moved by the reception that he flings himself into the audience at the front of the Other stage, while playing a guitar solo: as the crowd struggle to keep him aloft, the screens at the side of the stage show him wearing the unmistakable expression of a man rapidly reconsidering the wisdom of his actions.

On Saturday, **Laura Mvula**'s set fits perfectly with the weather, which has turned scorching: listening to the complex vocal harmonies and weird string arrangements of Is There Anybody Out There? wafting around the supine and increasingly sunburnt crowd, you are struck again by how charmingly odd her music is. Equally peculiar is **Azealia Banks**'s choice of stage wear, which is both fluorescent green and covered in what appear to be inflatable spikes: it looks like something sported by a reveller staggering, bug-eyed, around the Stone Circle in the small hours. It has to be said that Banks is not an artist overburdened with charm, as anyone who follows her constant bickering with other artists on Twitter might have guessed, but her music makes up for it. Hip-hop's ongoing obsession with four-to-the-floor house beats and rave-inspired synthesisers is wearing a little thin, but somehow Banks's take on it works. It sounds more propulsive and less generic - one track samples Underworld's Born Slippy, another is audibly influenced by the New York vogue scene, complete with a sample of a gay man reflecting on the relative fierceness of the queens he knows - than a lot of her peers. Her biggest hit, 212, brings with it the bracing sound of a vast field of people screaming along to a hearty endorsement of cunnilingus.

Still, it's not the most unfeasible lyric you can hear on Saturday afternoon. Anyone chancing upon the Leftfield stage - famed for its mix of music, political debate and talks from Tony Benn - might be surprised to see its curator **Billy Bragg** duetting

**The faces of Glastonbury 2013: Nile Rodgers of Chic, Azealia Banks, Dizzee Rascal and Bobbie Gillespie**

« with comedian Phill Jupitus on a version of his hit Sexuality, with the titular lyric changed to "bestiality". It segues into a similarly themed version of the Smiths' Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now: "I was looking for a dog," offers Jupitus, "and then I found a dog."

Presumably unaware that, elsewhere at Glastonbury, one of his most celebrated songs is being reworked into a paean to zoophilia, **Johnny Marr** appears on the John Peel stage. His set suggests that his recent album The Messenger has been slightly undervalued: if the most vociferous audience reactions are reserved for his occasional dips into the Smiths' back catalogue - Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before, Bigmouth Strikes Again - the tracks he plays from The Messenger sound punchy and exciting. Meanwhile, on the main stage, **Elvis Costello** deviates from the hits - Pump It Up, I Don't Want to Go to Chelsea, Oliver's Army - to prove that his ire hasn't left him. He plays Tramp the Dirt Down, the song in which he famously offered to dance on Margaret Thatcher's grave, suggesting that "it's not about burying someone underground, it's about burying an idea in the ground".

He is followed by **Primal Scream**, whose performance initially seems to wobble. Bobby Gillespie clearly thinks the audience are showing insufficient interest in their new material. Those who have camped out at the front of the stage all day in order to catch a glimpse of the Rolling Stones seem a little nonplussed by their support act performing a brooding song about familial abuse called River of Pain, complete with a cacophonous free-jazz interlude, nor - more surprisingly - are they much moved by the blaring sirens and relentless bassline of Swastika Eyes. "Has somebody dosed you with valium?" he snaps. "Come on, you fuckers." For a moment, it looks as if things might go the way of Primal Scream's 2005 Glastonbury appearance, where things got so confrontational between band and audience that their set ended with Gillespie being manhandled offstage by security. Instead, however, the band win the crowd around, by the simple expedient of playing the hits, with Haim as guest backing vocalists: Loaded, Rocks, Come Together.

By the time the **Rolling Stones** arrive, the crowd in front of the Pyramid stage has swelled to 100,000, something you might have predicted had you noted the sheer number of people walking around the site in Stones T-shirts: it's hard to think of another Glastonbury that's been so conclusively overtaken by a solitary headlining act. As U2 discovered a few years back, parachuting a hugely successful band in to headline Glastonbury doesn't always work, something of which Jagger at least appears aware. For someone with a reputation for lofty diffidence, he seems to have been on a charm offensive for weeks: no sooner had their headline slot been announced than he took to Twitter to claim, a little implausibly, that he was going to stay on site in a yurt. The charm offensive carries over into their set. Just as he joked about the cost of the seats at last November's O2 performance, he jokes about Glastonbury's dogged pursuit of the band over the years: "So, they finally asked us."

**The new tracks Johnny Marr showcases sound punchy and exciting**

If mention of his actual sleeping arrangements is conspicuous by its absence, Jagger mentions having spent the previous night at the festival: "I went to Shangri-La!" he says, sounding as ever, exactly like a man doing an impersonation of Mick Jagger. "I saw the Arctic Monkeys." Indeed, so keen is he to underline his awareness that this show is more than just another stop off on the Stones' 50th Anniversary Tour, he has reworked the song Factory Girl for the occasion: Glastonbury Girl makes reference to wet wipes, inhaling nitrous oxide, camping and ecstasy.

What's striking about the other songs they perform is how thrillingly ramshackle the Stones sound. In contrast to most of their stadium-filling peers, you can hear the imperfections, the occasional fluffed notes. They sound like a real band, rather than bored multimillionaires going through the motions, which adds a genuine edge to the big hits: Wild Horses should be dulled by overfamiliarity, but it packs an emotional punch. It's a sense heightened by their evident delight at having former guitarist Mick Taylor back on stage with them - a delight not shared entirely by the audience, which thins out a bit during the lengthy versions of You Got the Silver and Midnight Rambler - and the set's occasional surprises: they perform a fantastic version of 2,000 Light Years From Home, from the most reviled of their 60s albums, the psychedelic folly Their Satanic Majesties Request.

As they play Sympathy for the Devil, the scrap-metal phoenix at the top of the Pyramid stage begins to slowly rise up and belch out fire. In the crowd, people are letting off flares and red smoke billows around. It's incredibly exciting: one of those much-vaunted Glastonbury moments.

# A festival at home

Blanket media coverage let **Peter Robinson** savour the Glastonbury atmosphere from his kitchen - and enjoy all the heat of the dance tent while doing his ironing

Sixty years ago at the University of Michigan, a man with a stronger stomach than mine conducted a long-winded experiment into chemical memory by teaching flatworms how to negotiate a maze then - of course! - grinding them up and then feeding them to other flatworms, who then supposedly magically "knew" how to negotiate the same maze. You might need to munch some of David Bowie's toenail clippings for an idea of what went down at the first Glastonbury, but for 2056's historians, chowing down on Yannis from Foals won't be necessary: the festival's 177,000 attendees are almost matched in quantity by media representatives relaying the experience for those who didn't get a ticket or, as Nick Grimshaw noted in his Friday afternoon Radio 1 broadcast from the site, "like live music but hate being in a field with drunk people".

I find live music hard work but I *do* like being in a field with drunk people. Still, this year I opted to experience Glastonbury not just from my sofa (how 2010) but from the kitchen (Zane Lowe's Radio 1 Essential Mix provided a perky accompaniment to some Friday evening ironing) and the back garden, which is where I checked out NME.com on my mobile and caught up with the furore over Alex Turner's new American accent while a lady removed a bees' nest from a tree stump.

I should admit at this point that I am in the privileged position of living next door to one of south-east London's most noteworthy ukelele botherers,

so much of my weekend has been soundtracked by a distant twanging noise. But even without those unsolicited Glastonbury "vibes" I still feel as if I've experienced the best the festival has to offer. Naturally a BBC3 post-gig Chase & Status interview (Gemma Cairney: "Describe it in one word"; Status: "Speechless") is not quite like being on site, but if you've visited Glastonbury more than once you've got the general idea of what The Farmer has to offer. Combine those genuine recollections with the false memory offered by iPlayer livestreaming Chic, and you're right there feeling hot and bothered in a dance tent.

And thanks to blanket coverage, one benefit of not being at Glastonbury in 2013 is that you actually get to see what's happening. I know that Nile Rodgers doesn't mind having his arm touched by Craig Charles. I also know that Jordan from Rizzle Kicks has a nice jumper with a fox on it, and I've now experienced the full HD horror of Miles Kane's union flag "ensemble". Over on 6 Music, Matt Everitt interviewed John Humphrys on Sunday afternoon. "Well," Humphrys said. "I knew it was going to be horrible - far too many people, far too much noise and far too much rubbish everywhere. And I was right on all those points. Except, it wasn't horrible." Then he described trying to sleep in a tent, "as bass sounds reverberate right through the soil into your very soul".

It took Humphrys, and his weary depiction of one man's attempt to sleep while a distant sound system whacks out some early-90s post-ambient noodling involving Steve Hillage, to make me really miss the farm. It's agreed that everything *except* the music makes Glastonbury what it is, but nobody has yet managed to capture the demented intensity of Shangri-La on Saturday night. Still, this may change. On Friday the BBC experimented with a pair of Google glasses attached to the drummer from a band called Turrentine Jones. The jerky and blurred movements soundtracked by mediocre guitar music suddenly brought the real Glastonbury to life. All it really needed was the feeling of having nonsense babbled at me by a confused stranger but, fortunately, Gemma Cairney wasn't far away.

**Nick Grimshaw interviews Haim; and *(above)* Gemma Cairney**

PHOTOGRAPHS JULES ANNAN/BARCROFT MEDIA; JONATHAN HORDLE/REX FEATURES

# Best-dresse

Usually, wellies and fashion don't mix. But at this year's Glastonbury we spotted a few people who

**Asha Pathy-Varker, 18, performing arts student from Glastonbury** "The leggings are Urban Outfitters, the T-shirt from my mum and the jacket from RePsycho in Bristol. It's a mix of all the cultures I've lived in. I grew up in Japan and my mum is half-Indian, half-French."

**Obediah Campbell, 24, service designer, from London** "My look is always bright – I used to dye my hair different colours. I'm into these modern tribal prints – my stuff is from eBay, Sports Direct, Topshop. Tomorrow I'll be wearing my gold bikini."

**John Doe ('I don't want to give my real name. Look at me'), 26, from York** "We were all supposed to dress up as animals but I got a bit eager with this tiger fairy thing. I'm a sellout, though. I bought it all off Amazon."

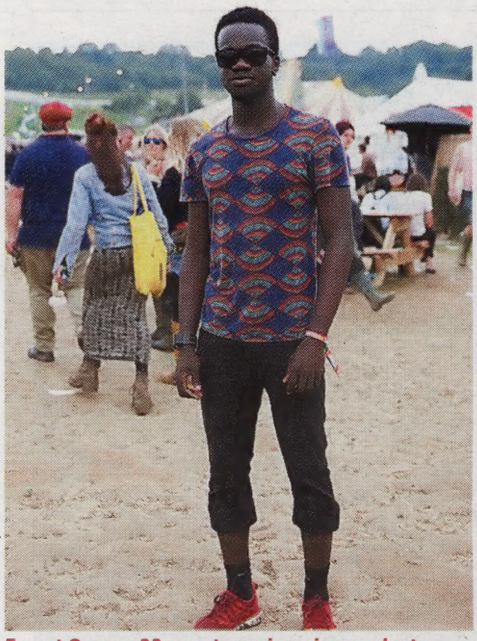
**Hannah Spencer, 22, plumber, from Bolton** "At home, a lot of girls dress the same way. It's boring. People always get a shock when I turn up to their door. I work with lots of fortysomething men and they probably think I'm a bit weird."

**Claire Heavenor, 33, massage therapist, from Bangor** "Everyone's been really interested because of the bump – I'm six months, it's our first – and it's different being here and not drinking. I'm very excited about Portishead. Beth Gibbons is my idol."

**Brigid Annand, nurse, from Melbourne** "Today's style would be called 'what was on top of the suitcase'."
**Julien Barbagallo, Tame Impala drummer, from Toulouse** "The T-shirt our keyboardist Jay bought me one day because I was feeling down."

# d of the fest

were putting in some serious sartorial effort. **Nosheen Iqbal** tracked them down



**Ernest Owusu, 23, sports engineering graduate, from London** "My style is, er, 'a bit African'? The T-shirt is Zara, the jeans are Uniqlo and the trainers are Nike. I always wear trainers, I don't do wellies. This is my sixth Glastonbury so I've had enough practice."

**Luscious Libras** "This is our walkabout performance. We're a Mexican-wrestling thumb-war team. We took inspiration from Nacho Libre, made all our own costumes and got booked to be here. Power lunging is our thing. Power lunging and Public Enemy."

**Peter White, 27, university administrator, from Manchester** "This is definitely my festival look. I found this jacket a decade ago in a Leeds vintage shop and wasn't allowed to wear it to school. It comes out every festival now. I'm going for the preppy thing."

**Carolyn Hodler, 28, co-owner of fashion label Galvan, from Switzerland** "My favourite things are these Piet Mondrian sunglasses by Cutler and Gross." **Simon Franks, 41, runs fff.org, from London** "There's a skill to Glastonbury: it's layering."

**Karl Baker, 38, 'labourer-DJ-carer-all sorts', from Halifax** "I can't tell you anything about what I'm wearing except this T-shirt is from the greatest radio station on Earth. It's all post-punk, obscure rock'n'roll. I found these glasses on a table in a bar."

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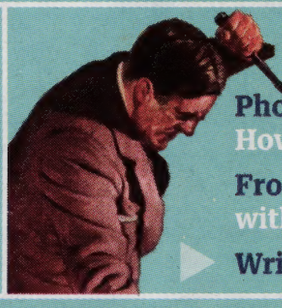

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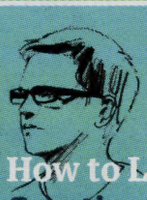

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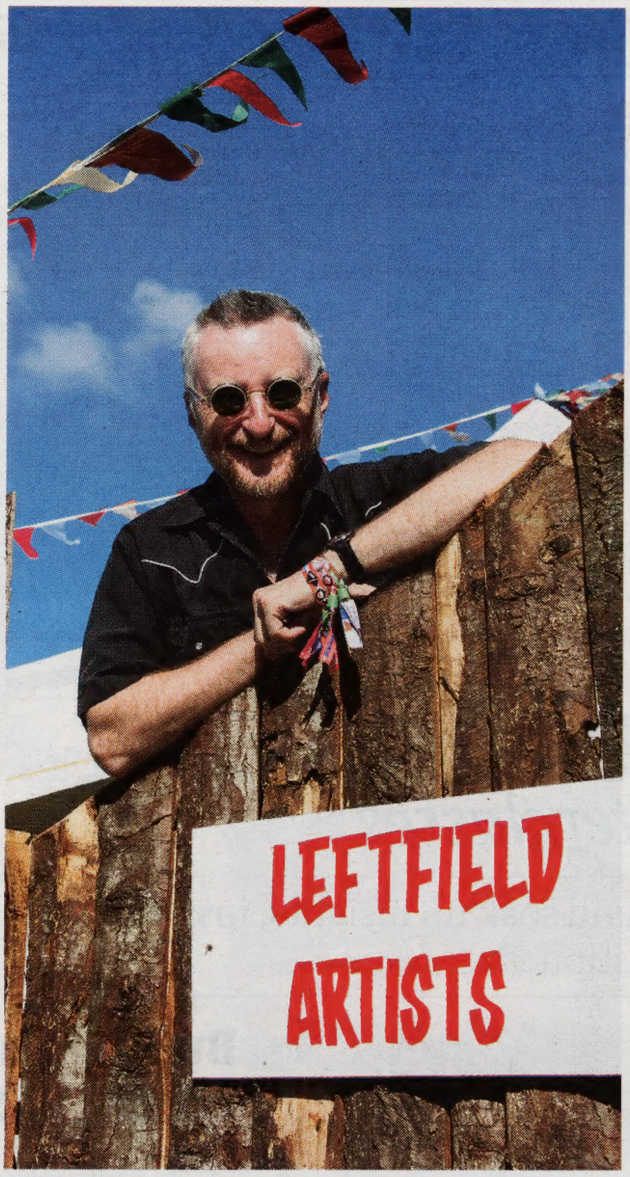


# The view from Leftfield

While others were having fun in the sun, comedians, activists, singers and politicians were putting the world to rights in the festival's most radical corner. **Tom Meltzer** listened in

**Amanda Palmer**
*The singer-songwriter on double standards for ageing rock stars*
This morning I saw a Glastonbury magazine roundup with a picture of the Rolling Stones on the front. I stood there, looking at the Rolling Stones as they look now, and they just looked so aged. I found myself thinking: if they were a band of women, would we all be standing here in awe of how awesome these people looked? It really started to depress me because when men age and keep rocking and rolling it's admirable and respectable and badass, and when women age and keep rocking and rolling it's seen as inappropriate and pathetic and sad. We need to accept everyone as they are - and women are just as responsible as men in that regard.

**Caroline Lucas**
*The Green Party MP on the economy*
I'd like to see the government make every home in the UK energy-efficient. That would tackle fuel poverty while getting emissions down and creating a huge number of jobs in the process. I think the policies of austerity are both socially devastating and economically illiterate. The best way to tackle the deficit is by investing in jobs.

**Billy Bragg**
*The songwriter, activist and Leftfield curator on constitutional reform*
There is clearly a lot of resistance to proportional representation. So my suggestion to re-enfranchise people is simply to divide all the seats in the House of Lords in proportion to the votes cast in the general election. The absolutely crucial part of it is that the second chamber would have been elected indirectly, so they would never be able to challenge the primacy of the commons. Yes, people that we don't like might get in, but that's democracy.

**Owen Jones**
*The author of Chavs on the European Union*
While I'm not a nationalist and I don't support withdrawal, I think for too long people have presumed that wanting a more democratic EU is something the right talk about - or that if you do, you're a swivel-eyed Ukip member ranting about gay people, Gypsies and the "EUSSR".

**'Divide all the seats in the House of Lords in proportion to the votes cast in the general election' ... Billy Bragg at Leftfield; *(below)* Amanda Palmer**

But the problem is there is a democratic deficit and there are elements of free-market dogma - such as the privatisation of public services - that are enshrined in those treaties. So I'd want to renegotiate those elements.

**Ricky Tomlinson**
*The actor and activist on primordial dwarfism*
This little lad with primordial dwarfism came to see me at a cabaret club in Liverpool. He was about the same size as my eight-year-old grandson Louis - and the same age - but he's never going to grow any more. Apparently there are only about 250 people with primordial dwarfism in the world. Me and my wife went on two TV quiz shows and gave the money to this little fellow. I don't think the government's going to do anything but I think that these people should be looked after a lot better than they are.

**Phill Jupitus**
*The standup comedian on education*
If there was one thing that I would try to improve it's education. My daughter's just graduated and she's in the situation now where it's cheaper for her to go to Holland or Denmark to do a postgrad than to study at home. I think if you educate people to the degree where they can make things better, rather than just letting those who have the means be educated, then surely the future will be better for everybody.

**Mark Serwotka**
*The general secretary of the PCS union on housing*
I would like to see a massive housebuilding programme that addressed the chronic lack of housing - and particularly social housing - in Britain. That would simultaneously put hundreds of thousands of construction workers back to work and help the economy. It would also undercut the disgraceful political argument at the moment that says that because the housing benefit bill has got so high in a time of austerity, you target the recipients rather than the landlords or the lack of affordable housing. We should be capping rents, not capping benefits.

PHOTOGRAPHS CHRISTIAN SINIBALDI FOR THE GUARDIAN